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Italy Bars Bargaining

Tourists to Italy who follow the advice given in guidebooks as to bargain stores and shops may now find it very difficult, if not impossible, to get even a few cents taken off the prices asked. Following the revaluation of the lira, a decree has been issued making fixed prices obligatory on all shopkeepers. Only in the case of high-class jewelry, valuable pictures and antique furniture, may bargaining still be resorted to legally.

Why He Missed Her

The widower had just started in to tell a story when he suddenly broke down and began sobbing like a child.

"Why, what's the matter?" we asked him.

"Why, how can I tell a story without my wife here to butt in with corrections and advice and finally taking over the job of finishing it herself?" he wept.

Mirror Helps Rowers

So that they may more easily correct their mistakes and learn to stroke together, boys training for the crew of an Eastern preparatory school, practice in front of a large mirror, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. This enables them to see the effect of the coach's directions and gives each man a clear view of the entire crew.

Locust Biscuits Served

Locust meal biscuits are being served in Johannesburg, South Africa. The new food is said to be pleasing to the palates if one can forget what he is eating. Locusts were first tried as poultry food, then as cattle repast, with success.

A Boston Lad

A little Boston boy approached a soda fountain.

"What is it, sonny?"

"One of those ice cream conle sections."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some men will make a tool of a friend and then howl if he cuts them.

Oregon & California Directory

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W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 33--1928.

The Red Road

A Romance of Braddock's Defeat

By Hugh Pendexter

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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WNU Service

THE STORY

Webster Brond is serving as a scout and spy for the army under General Braddock preparing for the advance on Fort Duquesne. He has just returned to Alexandria from a visit to the fort, where, posing as a Frenchman, he has secured valuable information. Braddock, bred to European warfare, fails to realize the importance of the news. Brond is sent back to Fort Duquesne, also bearing a message to George Croghan, English emissary among the Indians. Brond joins his friend and fellow scout, Round Paw, Indian chief, and they set out. On the way they fall in with a typical backwoodsman, Balsar Cromit, who joins them. The party encounters a group of settlers threatening a young girl, Elsie Dinwold, whom they accuse of witchcraft. Brond saves her from them. The girl disappears. Webster delivers his message to Croghan. Young Col. George Washington rescues Brond from bullying English soldiers. He worsts a bully in a fight, and finds Elsie Dinwold. Brond is sent on a scouting expedition to Fort Duqesne, and finds a French scouting party besieging an old cabin in which Elsie has taken refuge. In the ensuing fight she escapes. Brond takes his way to Duquesne.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—12—

This sudden attack sent us half a mile back from the river. We made a wide circuit and I was still disgruntled at my poor shooting when the Onondaga picked up a poultice of chewed sassafras leaves, such as Indian and white man used for gunshot wounds in an emergency. My spirits rebounded, for we now knew my small ball had scored. We saw nothing of the fellow, however; nor did we believe he could be badly wounded.

We camped early that night above Stewart's crossing, taking great care to hide our trail. The Onondaga killed a turkey with his ax and this we heated, rather than cooked, over a tiny fire and ate it half raw.

Still keeping back from the river we crossed Great Swamp creek the next day and suffered much from tiny black flies that were as voracious as wolves in February. Barely pausing to eat a handful of parched corn and what was left of the turkey, we left the disagreeable area and pushed on to Salt lick, or Jacobs' creek.

As Captain Jacobs' town was eight or nine miles back from the mouth of this creek, we ventured to swing in close to the Youghiogeny so as to give the place plenty of clearance. Hardy had said the village was abandoned, but savages have a way of being where you least expect them, and Jacobs never had left his town because of fear. We covered thirty miles that day, and were very weary when we made camp and broiled some small game over a sheltered fire.

The journey to Sewickley creek was uneventful. No Indians, so far as we could observe, had passed up our side of the river. This was not as we had wished, however, for if the scouting party, which had dogged us while we were under Hardy's protection, should keep to the other side of the Youghiogeny it would necessitate its crossing the river at or near Allaquippa's town. Therefore, we were much relieved, although instantly put on our guard, when we discovered the remains of a recent camp a short distance below the mouth of the Sewickley.

The number of fires, built since the rainstorm, indicated the passing of at least fifty warriors. The trail led north toward Turtle creek, and as there were no signs of scouts being thrown out on the flanks it was plain the band feared no danger and were avoiding Allaquippa's town, and were making a swift march to Duquesne.

We followed the trail for two miles, to make sure no scouts were covering the back-track, then cut back to the Sewickley and traveled up-stream as far as Thicketty run. Changing our course again, we made due west so as to approach Allaquippa's town as if coming from Duquesne.

It was late afternoon and growing dark in the woods when Round Paw informed me:

"They can hear a gun now." After more walking he announced, "They can hear two whoops now."

But we did not make our camp until he said:

"They can hear one whoop now."

So we halted in hailing distance of the town. Not caring to enter the village until positive none of the scouting party had swung back to pay it a visit, we turned in for the night.

We were awake in good season but took our time in breaking camp. Round Paw used his bow and arrows to good advantage and we dined excellently on small game. I buried the fire and waited while the Indian scouted to the edge of the woods and reconnoitered the village. After some time he stole back to me and said no French Indians were there, and but very few of the Delawares.

I told him to announce our arrival, and he threw back his head to give a loud halloo, demanded by Indian etiquette so that residents could come from the village and lead the stranger in. I clapped a hand over his mouth and he lowered his head and listened. It was very faint at first, then became more audible—the thudding of swift flying feet coming down the Duquesne path. The runner was making no attempt at secrecy. We moved closer to the trail and waited.

Soon the runner came into sight, a tall man with his hair roached like a Huron. He was naked except for his breechclout and carried no arms. But he did carry that which was of poignant interest to me, a heavy festoon of wampum about his neck.

Round Paw whispered:

"A carrier of belts. He comes unarmed. They say he brings French belts to Allaquippa."

Colonel Washington's warning that I must intercept any bloody or war-belts was fresh in my mind, and I loosened my ax. The Onondaga grunted a disapproval and grasped my

It Was Akin to Murder to Drop the Fellow.

arm to withstrain me, for the office of a belt-carrier was almost sacred, and whether his proffer of war-belts was accepted or rejected he was supposed to have an open road in arriving and departing. I forced myself to think only one thought—the Frenchmen's desire to win over Allaquippa's warriors and turn their hatchets against the colonies.

"He must not take the belts to the village," I whispered.

"To kill a carrier of belts will make your orenda weak and sick," muttered Round Paw.

"If coming to us, yes. But he goes to the woman, Allaquippa."

The runner was now close to our position. He ran rapidly and showed no sign of fatigue although I suspected he had kept up the pace since leaving the French fort. It was akin to murder to drop the fellow, but there was much more than my personal feelings at stake. The delivery of bloody belts must be prevented at all costs. Round Paw understood my determination and whispered in my ear:

"Wait. He will pass this bush. Without his belts he will be laughed at. He shall not see us."

He gently pushed me back and moved to the side of the trail and pulled out his ax. I let him have his way, glad to avoid the grewsome duty, but kept my rifle ready to stop the fellow should my red companion make a mess of it. Along came the runner, and when opposite us and within two feet of us, he leaped high and opened his mouth to sound the guest-call. At the same moment the Onondaga slipped into the trail behind him and clipped him with the flat of his ax over the head before he could utter a sound.

The man went down like one dead and before I could offer to give a hand the Onondaga had yanked the wampum free and was pulling me deeper into the forest. The last glimpse I had of the belt-carrier revealed him sprawled out on his face, his head twisted sidewise and his mouth still open.

We retreated from the trail and ran north and crossed it and turned back toward the village. While we halted to learn if the scene had been witnessed by some early hunter, or if the man had regained his senses, we took time to examine the wampum.

The strings consisted of white beads, alternated with red. The belt was a more pretentious affair, being composed of black and red beads with a hatchet worked with white beads in the middle—a French war belt and handsomely fashioned, and one a neutral tribe would feel honored in having presented even though it could not be accepted.

As no alarm was sounded, we advanced to the clearing surrounding the cabins, and the Onondaga hid the wampum at the foot of a basswood tree. Then lifting his voice he sounded the call and when he finished I shouted in French. After a few minutes two men of middle age slowly came to meet us, and one of them greeted:

"If you are tired from long walking your mats are waiting for you. There is meat in the kettle."

"Our legs were tired but now they feel strong after we have looked at the face of our brother," I answered in the Leni-Lenape tongue.

They made no response to this but turned and led the way to the village. I counted twenty cabins made of small trees, low and roofed with bark. Had I been a Frenchman, I would have felt discouraged over our reception. The absence of warriors was partly explained by those we saw through cabin doors sleeping off the effects of a debauch.

What was disturbing was the glimpse I caught of a white man, dressed as an Indian and wearing a tiny silver hatchet on a neck chain. I had met him before, and his presence in the village made it impossible for me to claim a recent departure from Duquesne. He was earnestly talking to an aged Delaware. The Indian clutched a bottle of brandy in his hand while he listened.

After passing this cabin, our conductors halted before an empty hut and informed us it would be our quarters while in the village. They seemed to be in haste to leave us, but when outside the door, one halted and said:

"Allaquippa, the woman sachem, will ask where you came from."

"Tell her a Frenchman and a Caughnawauga Iroquois have come from a scout to Castleman's river and would rest before going on to Duquesne."

"The path between Allaquippa's village and Duquesne is beaten down very hard by French feet. The Leni-Lenape's moccasins slip in traveling over it. Our sachem says the path is old and worn out," he replied.

"I see a French brother is here ahead of us," I said, ignoring his veiled hint that too many Frenchmen were coming to the village to suit Allaquippa.

He sullenly replied: "He brings much brandy, which is bad. He brings a belt, which is very bad."

So our coup on the red carrier of belts had not stopped the war talk of the enemy from reaching the village. However, the Delaware's open disapproval of us spoke well for the loyalty of the woman to the English. Requesting Round Paw to remain near the hut I departed to look up the owner of the silver ax, and by a bold course disarm suspicion.

When I halted in the doorway of his cabin he glanced up with an ugly scowl, then was slightly perplexed for a moment. Before I could announce myself, he was coming forward to greet me, and exclaiming:

"Monsieur Beland, who was at our fort in the spring! My heart sings to behold you again. I have been in this cursed place two days, trying to get an audience with that old demon Allaquippa. Welcome a thousand times. And let us drink if I can find a bottle these filthy ones have not mouthed."

"Name of joy! I am rejoiced to see Monsieur Falest once more," I genially cried.

We embraced, and he waved me to a keg and requested that I take my ease. His Indian companion rose, still clutching the half-emptied bottle, and staggered outdoors.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Long Oration Spoiled Evening for Senator

A prominent man in public life—a senator, it may be said without fear of embarrasing him—was the principal speaker at a recent banquet. More than that—he was the victim of one of those persons whose duty it is to speak as curtain-raiser to the main attraction of the evening and who forgets himself in his own flow of oratory.

He went on and on and the reporters were getting restless and worried about making the final editions with the principal speaker's important talk. Finally, the senator handed a reporter a message: "How long can you men wait?" He was given the time and then asked in a message how long the gentleman speaking was going to hold the floor. He courteously replied—for it can again be safely said that the curtain-raiser was also a member of the upper house of congress—that he thought he would speak only 20 minutes longer. Time went on and the speaker went on, and when it became apparent that he would go on for some time longer, the gentlemen of the press received another note from the important senator. It read: "All prophecies are withdrawn."—Philadelphia Record.

Lazy Man's Calendar

Some of the people think there ought to be a law requiring five pay days in every month except February, which is too short. All they would do to February is make St. Valentine's day and Groundhog day legal holidays. —Woman's Home Companion.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CULINARY KINKS

A delightful dish for luncheon or supper is prepared as follows:

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Remove the stem end from six medium-sized tomatoes. Take out the centers and most of the pulp and invert, let stand twenty minutes. Cook three tablespoonfuls of butter with six tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper five minutes. Add three-fourths of a cupful of soft bread crumbs, one-half cupful of the removed pulp, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste and a little onion juice. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture and bake fifteen minutes.

Baked Larded Liver.—Skewer, tie and lard the upper surface of a calf's liver. Place in a baking pan and spread with the following: Cream, three tablespoonfuls of butter and add one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and pepper. Pour around one-half cupful of boiling water and cook in a moderate oven one hour, basting every ten minutes. Remove to a serving dish, skim off the fat from the pan and add one cupful of orange juice and strain the sauce over the liver.

Scalloped Potatoes With Ham.—With a very small amount of cold cooked ham, sliced thin or put through the meat grinder, arrange a layer of thinly sliced potatoes, then a sprinkling of shredded onion and a layer of ham; repeat until all is used. Cover with sweet milk and put covered into a moderate oven. Bake until the potatoes are tender. Serve from the dish.

Fruit Jelly.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin in one-half cupful of cold water, dissolve in one and two-thirds cupfuls of boiling water; add one cupful of sugar, one cupful of grapejuice, one-third of a cupful of orange juice, three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, strain and mold. Chill and cut in cubes to serve as garnish.

Have a Hot Biscuit.

In summer or winter there are few things more tempting than dainty little hot biscuits. Formerly they were served only at such informal meals as luncheon, breakfast or tea, but now they have edged into even wider popularity and are frequently served at dinner, both at hotels and in private homes.

Not every cook knows that biscuits can be made, cut and placed in the tins ready for baking, and then into the ice box to wait several hours or all night, before baking. This is an especial boon for a night supper or where one has no maid and the hostess wishes to have everything ready in the morning.

Buttering the biscuits before baking is liked by many. Roll the dough rather thin, cut as usual, put a bit of butter on each and top with another biscuit. In cooking the butter melts, makes a delicious flavor and the parts separate easily.

Orange Biscuits.—When serving a fruit salad these sweet biscuits will be especially appropriate. Sift two cupfuls of flour with four teaspoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of shortening, one tablespoonful of grated orange peel and three-fourths of a cupful of milk. Roll the biscuits and cut as usual. On top of each place a half-sized lump of domino sugar dipped in orange juice. Bake in a hot oven.

Cheese Biscuits.—Sift two cupfuls of flour with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt, add two tablespoonfuls of shortening, and when well blended add three-fourths of a cupful of milk and mix to a soft dough, adding one cupful of grated cheese. Roll out one-third of an inch thick and cut with one and one-half-inch cutter. This makes two dozen small biscuits. Bake in a hot oven. When you wish extra fine biscuits use the pastry flour, it is not as economical but makes a whiter, fluffier biscuit.

Browned Cheese Crackers.—Split common crackers, spread with butter sparingly, then with grated cheese and salt with a dash of cayenne. Put in dripping pan and bake until brown.

Scotch Scones.—Take two cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two eggs and one-half cupful of cream. Mix the dry ingredients and add four tablespoonfuls of butter; when well blended add the eggs and cream. Toss on a floured board and cut in diamonds or squares. Brush with egg, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

Cheese Omelet.—Beat two eggs slightly, add one-half teaspoonful of melted butter, salt, cayenne to taste and one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Melt one-half tablespoonful of butter in a hot omelet pan and pour in the omelet mixture. Roll and sprinkle with grated cheese when done.

Nellie Maxwell

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French Bathers Fond of Brilliant Plumage

The French are a decorative and decoration-loving people and they let themselves go when they indulge this instinct at the seaside, according to Bettina Bedwell in Liberty.

At some of the beaches the men appear in blazers that make the awnings and parasols blush modestly, while the women wear everything from chiffon to birch-bark bathing suits, and their peignoirs resemble gorgeous tropical birds. "At Deauville," she writes, "anything goes, and it is here you find sensational and freakish bathing clothes—such as beaded bathing suits and those made of feathers.

"The Lido is consecrated to pajamas, and bathing suits don't matter very much; while Le Touquet, Dinard, La Baule and other resorts on the northwest coast are backgrounds for the more substantial and less sensational models."

No Jaguars Wanted

Hearing an automobile crash, William J. Slattery of Washington, D. C., opened his street door to see if he could be of any assistance. As he did, in popped what he thought was the house cat. Returning from the accident, his wife met him with the information, "That was a funny kind of a cat you let in." Slattery took a look and decided she was right. With the help of three men he finally got kitty into a crate and learned that it was a young jaguar, the pet of a sailor who had been giving it an airing in an automobile involved in the crash.

Plants Greatest Miners

Two University of Michigan experts, Prof. John E. Weaver and Dr. William E. Bruner, have discovered that plants are the greatest miners. The roots of a four-year-old rhubarb plant were found to occupy a cylinder of soil eight feet in diameter and eight feet deep, while those of a ten-year-old horseradish plant had mined to a depth of more than fourteen feet.

Scheme Didn't Work

An English druggist who attempted to sell medicated cigarettes as a cure for colds, nasal catarrh, asthma and bronchitis discovered that it could not be done. Cigarettes that contained coltsfoot, thyme, rose petals and lavendar in addition to tobacco, are banned by the law against "adulterating tobacco," the court ruled, and fined the offender.

Oxen Got Homesick

City life proved too much for a yoke of oxen brought to Franklin, N. H., to take part in the centennial celebration. They yearned for their usual life on the farm in Sanbornton, from which they never before departed, so much that a veterinarian who was called in after the oxen took sick ordered them back to the farm.

Lots of people make fortunes out of other people's curiosity.

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